NUMB. XVI.

The LOVER.

By MARMADUKE MYRTLE, *Gent.*

——Some Grains of Senſe
Still mixt with Vollies of Impertinence.
Rocheſter's Poems.

Thurſday, April 1. 1714.

THE Writer of the following Letter being a Perſon, if you will believe his own Story, the moſt impertinently croſſed in Love that ever any Mortal was, and allowing his Letter to fit only for one Day in the Year, I have let him have his Will, and made it the buſineſs of this.

Mr. MYRTLE,

'SINCE I writ my laſt to you, wherein I gave 'you ſome Account of the confounded Uſage 'which I met with from the miſchievous and ridi-'culous Race of the *Crabtrees*, I have made it my 'buſineſs to enquire into, and conſider the Arts and 'Stratagems, by which a People ſo like in Genius 'to the *Circopitheci*, ſhould ſo long be ſuffered 'to impoſe upon many wiſe, brave and learned 'Gentlemen in this County; after much Deliberation with my ſelf I am come to this Reſolution, 'That all their Succeſſes are owing to a certain 'graceleſs Impudence in themſelves, and an unmanly 'Modeſty in others. There is nothing but they will 'attempt from their want of Deference to the reſt 'of the World; and there is nothing but others ſeem 'ready to ſuffer from a too great ſenſibility of what 'the World will think of them. Among other 'the extraordinary Circumſtances by which this 'Race is ſignalized, I am moſt diverted with their 'Superſtition; they are, you muſt know, great Obſervers of lucky and unlucky Days, and Sir *Anthony*, whoſe great Talent lies in making Fools of 'Mankind, chuſes on the firſt of *April* to ſettle his 'Schemes for the enſuing Year; and yet with all 'the hurry which he eternally appears in, he is the 'lazieſt Thief living. One of his Propoſitions for 'Management is to affect Buſtle, and avoid Buſineſs: This, with ſeveral other as wiſe Maxims, 'are ſet down by his Secretary to be entered upon 'the 1ſt of *April* next. The next to that, as I could 'gather it out of Mr. Secretary's *Coptick* Characters, 'is Never to look before hand, but do as well as 'you can in the preſent Moment.

(Price Two Pence.)

'Sir *Anthony* has had great Succeſs in following this latter Poſition; but his Noddle is ſo 'full by being always extricating himſelf from ſome 'preſent Difficulty, that he has not time to reflect, 'that tho' Men will bear ſome Hardſhips into which 'they are ſurprized, they may be rouſed by repeated 'Injuries.

'They tell me moſt incredible Whimſies of him. 'Among the reſt, that he ſhall take a Book of Humour and Ridicule, and take upon him to draw 'out a Scheme of Politicks hid under thoſe ſeeming Pleaſantries. A notable Mony Scrivener has 'informed me, that its Knighthood has conceived 'a mighty Opinion of *South* Sea Stock, not from the 'National and ſolid Security that is given to ſupport 'the Intereſt thereof, but from the following memorable Paſſage in the 94th Page of a Book called *a 'Tale of a Tub*. Moſt People agree that Piece was 'written for the advancement of Religion only, but 'Sir *Anthony*, who ſees more and leſs than any other Man living, will have it to be a Collection 'of Politicks; and the Paragraph upon which he 'grounds his kind Conception of the Fund above-'mentioned is as follows.

'*The firſt Undertaking of Lord* Peter *was to purchaſe a large Continent lately ſaid to have been diſcovered in* Terra Auſtralis incognita. *This Tract 'of Land he bought at a very great Pennyworth from 'the Diſcoverers themſelves (tho' ſome pretended to 'doubt whether they had ever been there) and then 'retailed it into ſeveral Cantons to certain Dealers, 'who carried over Colonies, but were all Shipwrecks 'in the Voyage. Upon which Lord* Peter *ſold the 'ſaid Continent to other Cuſtomers* again, *and* again, 'and again, *and* again *with the ſame Succeſs.*

'Mr. MYRTLE, if you Publiſh this Ribaldry I 'now ſend you, be ſure you chuſe the Day auſpicious to the *Crabtrees* (to wit) the 1ſt of *April*, 'a Day wherein, time out of Mind, People have 'thought fit to divert themſelves with paſſing upon 'their Neighbour's Nonſenſe and Impoſition for 'Wit and Art. But to go on; in order to amaſs a

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vaſt Sum of Mony which he deſigns to place in the Fund, the Benefits of which are ſo myſteriouſly deſcribed in the above mentioned Political Diſcourſe, Sir *Anthony* has reſolved to part with the moſt valuable Manuſcripts in his Library, which are actually ſent to Town to be ſold on the ſaid 1ſt Day of *April*, and Catalogues given *gratis* to all the Fellows of the Royal Society. The things which he expects moſt for are as follows, *Fobor Camolanthi's Rudiments of Letters*. Being the firſt Scrawls made by the ſaid *Camolanthi* with his own Hand, before the Invention of Writing, wherein is to be ſeen the firſt B that ever was made. The ſecond Curioſity is the very white Wax which *John a Gant* had in his Hand when he made the famous Conveyance by an Overt Act of biting, and the following Words,

In witneſs that this is Sooth,
I bite the white Wax with my Tooth.

The third is an *Egyptian Mummy*, very freſh, and fit to be kept as a Predeceſſor to any Houſe which is ſo Ancient as to have loſt the Records of its Anceſtry.

The fourth is *the firſt hallowed Slipper which was kiſſed in honour of St.* Peter, who is reported by Hereticks to have worn none at all himſelf, but to have gone a fiſhing barefoot. It would be endleſs to tell you all Circumſtances of theſe prodigious Fellows, but *Zachariah* and *Brickduſt* are gone Poſt to *London* to vouch for theſe Antiquities. *Zachariah*, Sir *Anthony* ſays, has a very good Countenance to ſtand by the *Mummy* at the Sale, as well as to vouch for the *White Wax* in the Conveyance: I don't know what they may do with you *Londoners*, but they have quite loſt themſelves at *Gotham*, and the twelve wiſe Men are aſhamed of them; upon which the *Crabtrees* ſay they will have twelve others, but this is ſuppoſed to be only a Bounce; for the *Gothamites* begin to perceive, tho' too late, that the *Crabtrees* are not ſuch cunning Currs as they pretend, but are at the Bottom Fools, tho' they ſet up for the other Character. I ſuppoſe you muſt have heard the Story of the *Book-man*; falling upon that inconſiderable Fellow has explained them more than any thing that ever happened, and Sir *Anthony*, by all intelligent People, was reckoned a *Cuddem* for medling with him; for, ſay they, there were a thouſand ways of getting rid of him, and it was not worth doing it, whatever Chaſtiſement they might put him to, at the rate of expoſing themſelves and their Affairs to the Examination which that impotent Vengeance brought upon them.

Thus the *Crabtrees*, who indeed never had Senſe, have now loſt the Appearance of it; and Sir *Anthony*, for theſe ten Days laſt paſt, could not get any Body to whiſper him: When he offers it, the Party attempted ſtands full before him, and there you ſee poor Sir *Anthony*, in a need to whiſper, jerking and writhing his Noddle, and begging an Audience of a Starer who ſtands in the Poſture of a Man ſtiff with Amazement, that he had not found him out before. If you'll turn to the next Page to that I quoted above, to wit, the next to the 94th, (which Phraſe I own I ſteal from *Juvenal's Volveris a prima quæ proxima*,) you will find that Sir *Anthony* ſtole the manner of his Levy from Lord *Peter's* Invention of erecting *a whiſpering Office*, for the publick Good and Eaſe——of all——*Ever-droppers, Phyſicians, Midwives, ſmall Politicians, Friends fallen out, repeating Poets, Lovers happy or in deſpair, Bawds, Privy-Councellors, Pages, Parraſites* and *Buffoons.——An Aſſes Head was placed ſo conveniently, that the Party might eaſily with his Mouth accoſt either of the Animal's Ears.* The other Parts of that Paragraph are too courſe to be repeated. Sir *Anthony* is mightily afraid his dear Relations will hardly get ſafe back again to him, and therefore like the Country Fellow who ſaid, *it was pity there was not an Act of Parliament againſt all Foreigners that ſhould pretend to invade this Land*, he has given them a Paſs which he thinks will be of as much Force all over *England*, as it would lately have been in this County where he is a Juſtice. There is one particular pleaſant Clauſe in it, wherein he requires all People, notwithſtanding their Looks, to let them paſs for honeſt Men.

Zachariah diſputed carrying that Clauſe, and ſaid he was ſure no Body could take him for any other; but Sir *Anthony* over-ruled him, and in his ſnearing way ſaid, it could do him no harm to have it about him: Which is all at preſent,

from the moſt unfortunate of Lovers,

Ricardetto Languenti.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

For the Good of the Publick.

Whereas ſeveral Gentlewomen, and others of that Sex, in this Kingdom, have Contracted an evil Habit of Body, wherein the vicious Humours at firſt diſpers'd thro' the whole, come at length to be lodg'd in one Part or another, and many times, for Cauſes too long here to be mention'd, are thrown down upon the Womb, occaſioning a dangerous Weakneſs in that part, which being neglected, at laſt turns Cancerous, and often proves fatal. This is to acquaint all ſuch as may have occaſion, that a certain and ſpeedy Relief is to be had from an experienc'd Midwife, dwelling now at the Sign of the Queen's Arms, where it is writ David Fovey Operator for the Teeth over-againſt Exeter Change in the Strand, who lately perform'd a wonderful Cure upon a Lady at the Bath, after ſhe was given over by Phyſicians, and ſince has cur'd ſeveral Gentlewomen and others in the City and Suburbs of London.

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